The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

The Spring.

A BEAUTIFUL spring at the foot of a hill,
Gave rise to a merry-toned crystalline rill,
That ever went on, till its own waters grew,
From gay dancing ripples to ocean waves blue.

Encasing the spring, in the earth had been sunk,
The round hollow shell of a horn-beam's trunk;
The trees on the hill cast a deep shadow there,
And the tinkle of waters fell sweet on the air.

The white sanded bottom the bubbles tossed up;
A sheltering stone hid a rude drinking cup;
The young and the old loved to pause at its brink,
And take of the pure flowing waters a drink.

The spring is a type of the heart lhat o'erflows
With thoughts pure and loving; and God only knows
What good from it springs: how its ripples sweep o'er
The Ocean of Time, to Eternity's shore.

Encased in Truth's Armor, ne'er yielding to sin,
Tho' tempted and tossed by the trials within,
The shadow of Peace will at last settle there,
And full notes of gladness make joyous the air.

Its influence gently, the weary one leads
Away ftom life's turmoil, to green fragrant meads;
Entices the erring from misery's brink,
And holds them a pure cup of healing to drink.

H. H. D.

An Easy Lesson in Chemistry.

Some Water and Oil
One day had a broil,
As down in a glass they were dropping,
And would not unite,
But continued to fight,
Without any prospect of stopping.

Some Pearl-ash o'erheard,
And as quick as a word,
He jumped in the midst of the clashing;
When all three agreed,
And united with speed,
And soap was creared for washing.

For the Myrtle.

Only a Week.

CHAPTER VI.

"YOU will have to give the horse a free rein to make up for lost time, we parleyed so long with these boys."

These words were spoken by the second traveller, who had not seemed, from the first, very well pleased with the arrangement of taking them in the carriage.

"I think there is no great need for haste. We are sure to reach there by two o'clock .if we keep on at this pace."

"That depends upon how much time you idle away with stragglers on the road."

"Well, I am not likely to stop again, as we have all that the carriage will hold now; and there will be no farther temptation to speak to travellers by the way."

Alf and John watched all these remarks carefully, resolved to learn all they could of their companions, without seeming to be over curious.

"Have you ever travelled this road before?" said one of the men turning back to the boys.

"Never," replied Alf.

"You have chosen a curious time to see the country, walking in the dead of night, and more especially so dark a night as this."

"I know. If we were walking simply as sight seers, we should hardly choose the night for that purpose."

"Why, then, may I ask, did you choose it?

There is no law against combining pleasure with profit. You might get over the ground just as well in the day, and see all there is to be seen at the same time."

This was a leading question. It seemed pressing them to share their intent with strangers, in a way that was not altogether pleasant.

John pressed Alf's hand, again, as if he were saying, "Don't tell our secret."

Alf was himself judicious enough to know that it was not entirely safe to put confidence in these strangers. He did not wish to answer the question rudely, so he thought of a reply that would neither commit him, nor offend his listeners.

"We might, it is true," he said, "see more if we walked in the day time, but there are other things to be considered. The heat of the sun in the middle of the day, would make us weak, and prevent our making a good day's journey."

"Then you are not used to walking. If you were, you surely would not be afraid of a little sun."

"Well, no, we are not very well used to this kind of work. At least we find it best to do our work with the least outlay possible of bone and muscle."

"That is *one* reason for choosing the night. But had you no other?"

Now Alf felt that this was pressing him too closely for reasons, which he was not under obligations to give, ond he tried the trick of answering one question by asking another.

"Perhaps we had the same reasons for using the night that you and your companion had. Can you tell why it is that *you* travel at midnight instead of midday?"

"We are going on business."

"But business is usually done in the day time."

"Not *all* business as perhaps you know."

There was something unpleasant in the manner in which these words were spoken.

Alf trembled as the thought forced itself upon him that these men might be midnight robbers, or murderers, who had chosen the darkness for their wrong doing. But then again came his resolve to mind, to believe everybody good, until they *proved* themselves bad. He replied, laughingly,

"I hope we are neither of us to come under the class, that 'choose darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.'"

His companion laughed, too, a strange, disagreeable laugh—as disagreeable as his voice had been when he had last spoken. The other man interfered at this point to say,

"You had better let one another's business alone. It is enough if each one attends to his own."

There was a long silence after this remark, all of the party feeling that it was better than conversation while they remained in their present mood.

The boys were very tired. Neither of them had ever been accustomed to the amount of exercise that this foot journey was giving them. It is true they had slept long and well under the stack, on the day before, but that had not fully satisfied them. Alf yielded quickly to his inclination, and before they had been many minutes still, he was fast asleep. John would have followed his example, if he had felt quite safe with his companions, but a strange fear possessed him.

"There is no knowing what these men may do, if they are left wholly to themselves," he said to himself. "I must keep my eyes open to look out for them."

Yet, *wishing* to keep open eyes, and keeping them he found not quite the same thing. He tried many ways. Moving from one part of the seat to the other; treading on Alf's feet so as to make him cry out; thinking of all the fearful murders and robberies that he had read of; and finally counting the stars in the sky, which last process instead of keeping him awake put him into a deep sleep.

But his mind was too much troubled, to allow of his sleep continnuing very long. When he awoke, he thought one of the men was shaking him.

"What do you want?" he said.

"Nothing," the man replied.

"But you were shaking me."

"Nonsense, boy, you are dreaming."

"No I'm not, I'm wide awake, and I'm sure I felt your hands upon me."

"Perhaps you did. I took hold of you to keep you from falling out of the carriage. Your companion was lying on you, and you were leaning out, and nodding toward the road."

John *seemed* to accept this explanation, but there was left a distinct impression on his mind, that somebody's hands more than touched him, as hands might have done if they had been merely laid on him to prevent his falling from the

carriage. Now he firmly resolved not to sleep again.

"I might have been dreaming that time, but I will not let that happen to me again. It chills my very blood to think of it," he said to himself.

This new resolve lasted him some time. He tried to interest himself in the road they were passing over; counted the farmhouses as one after another they appeared dimly in the darkness; thought of the people sleeping in them; wondered if there were mothers in any of them sleepless wlth anxiety for children who had run away from the home shelter, and were trying their fortune alone in the world. These thoughts made John unhappy, so he tried to think of something else.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if I should know this road if I were to go over it again in the day time. I will try now, and see how many things I can remember about it. Here is a farmhouse with two barns; and there is another house not far away from it on the other side of the road. I think I should remember the situation of these if I were to see them again. But dear me, this is dull business. I would rather have been walking, than to have had this kind of a ride."

While these thoughts passed slowly through his mind, sleep was again slowly but surely overcoming him. Again he came out of his dreamy state, with the terrible consciousness that a man's hands were upon him.

"What are you doing?" he cried out, starting to his feet.

"Trying to keep you from breaking your neck," one of the men replied. "You were asleep again, and in one minute more you would have been ou of the carriage head-foremost."

"I am sure I am sorry to make you so much trouble. I had no intention of going to sleep."

"Well, whether you intend it or not, you'll break your neck where you are. I shall insist that you and your companion shall get down into the bottom of the carriage, and then you can sleep as much as you like without danger to yourselves or trouble to us."

John consented to this the more readily, because Alf's weight was becoming burdensome, and the boys were soon comfortably settled in the straw which covered the bottom of the carriage.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

Evening Words.

Come stand by my knee, little children,
Too weary for laughter or song;
The sports of the day are all over,
And evening is creeping along.
The snow-fields are white in the moonlight;
The winds of the winter are chill;
But under the sheltering roof-tree
The fire shineth cheery and still.

You sit by the fire, little children;
Your cheeks are ruddy and warm:
But out in the cold of the winter
Is many a shivering form.
There are mothers that wander for shelter,
And babes that are pining for bread;
Oh! thank the great Lord, little children,
From whose tender hand you are fed.

Come look in my eyes, little children,
And tell me, through all the long day
Have you thought of the Father above you,
Who guarded from evil your way?
He heareth the cry of the sparrow,
And careth for great and for small:
In life and in death, little children,
His love is the truest of all.

So go to your rest, little children;
And over your innocent sleep,
Unseen by your vision, the angels
Their watch through the darkness shall keep.
Now pray that the Shepherd who guideth
The lambs that he loveth so well
May lead you in life's rosy morning
Beside the still waters to dwell.

Uncle and Charlie.

Charlie, a little American boy, was going home with his uncle. They were on the steamboat all night. A steamboat is furnished with little beds on each side of the cabin. These little beds are called berths. When it was time to go to bed, Charlie undressed himself.

"Make haste and jump into your berth, boy!" cried his uncle.

"Mayn't I first kneel down and ask God to take care of us?" asked Charlie.

"We shall be taken care of fast enough," said his uncle.

"Yes, uncle, said Charlie; "but mother always tells us not to take anything without first asking."

Uncle Tim had nothing to say to that; and Charlie knelt down, just as he did by his own little bed at home.

God's bounty and goodness and grace you live on day by day, my children; but never take it without first asking.

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

For the Myrtle,

A Hasty Conclusion.

MA'AM Baker had an apple stand on the side of the street, and near it three or four boys and girls stood talking and laughing on their way to school. Ma'am Baker had stepped around the corner to talk with the grocery-man, but kept one eye on her stand at the same time.

Presently the lads and lasses were startled by a loud outcry from her, "What on earth!" cried she "Where's my two biggest Baldwins gone? Look here, you, children, which of you's got my apples without paying for 'em? Five cents apiece I'll take. Where's the money?"

The "children" looked at her in wonder. "Are you talking to us?" said Fred May.

"Yes, I'm talking to you—there hasn't been anybody else round here, has they? And my two big Baldwins missing; I should think I was talking to some of you."

They gathered around the table.

"My!" said Nelly Tyler, "where have they gone to? I noticed them myself on the top of those green ones. But we haven't touched them, ma'am, sure. We haven't stirred out of our tracks, have we?"

"No, no," shouted Fred and Johnny Winch; and Johnny added, "unless it was Tom Mason: he came up last of anybody;" and then they all cried out, "It must be Tom Mason if it's anybody."

"Well it isn't Tom Mason," said that young gentleman, severely, "and you'd better know what you're talking about."

"And you'd better give me the money," screamed Ma'am Baker, getting red in the face, "it's your easiest way. You're the only one that went by."

"Better ask John Winch," said Fred, getting red in turn. "He seems to know more about it than anybody else."

"Say that again, and I'll knock over the whole apple-cart and you too," blustered Johnny, doubling up both his fists.

Just then a bareheaded child came running through a gate near, with two big red apples in her hand.

"O ma'am," she cried, out of breath, while the old lady was too astonished to say a word, "here's your apples. You wasn't here, and I wanted my little sick brother to see 'em, so I took 'em a minute. He's just inside the gate there. Thank you, ma'am," and she laid them down and ran back, and nobody said a word.

Ma'am Baker only grumbled "Well! I'm glad I found 'em, anyway!" and the boys and girls started along for school. All felt rather foolish to think how words and temper were rising all for nothing, so they turned it off with a loud laugh, and ran along. All but Tom Mason: he gave as a toast to Ma'am Baker and Johnny, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," and went off whistling as if he thought he had won a great victory. But they did not need that warning, any of them, to make them see the folly of a hasty conclusion.

H. A. B.

The Sailor-Boy's Dream.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory stood side-wise, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,—
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear,

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse—all his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"O God! thou hast blest me,—I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound that now 'larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare painting death on the sky?
'Tis the crashing of thunder, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tumultuously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;—
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his dark wings o'er the wave.

O, sailor-boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;—
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

O, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shall love, home or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee.
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye—
O, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

For the Myrtle.

Appeal to My Darling.

Don't grow a "great boy." I have gazed on these golden curls, blowing back in the sunlight, and longed to clap my hands for joy because of the love that has ever watched over thy babyhood.

And thou wilt grow up; and no longer will come forth these gentle breathings upon the pillow, nor beneath the chestnut tree in the sultry noon; the meadows will miss the ringing voice in the still grass, and no soft cheek will be laid to mine amid the gentle rustling of leaves, and the murmurs of the twilight.

This tender form, it will grow strong and muscular; this musical voice shall become firm, and the light step manly. I fear for the snares in thy path, my child, I tremble for dangers besetting thy way.

Don't grow a great boy," for the world is full of subtleness, and the time of temptation cometh, and, as life is a vast whirlpool, and dread be the billows that roll over men's souls, my spirit is troubled for thee, my beloved, as the spirit of one who sees calamity afar off.

I almost could wish thou wert safe in thy Redeemer's bosom, beneath the shadow of the everlasting love, and that wings of white might, even now, bear thee glad and holy, through celestial hosts and angel joy.

I see thee in the bloom of youth, in manhood's prime, in the majesty of heavenly glory, with a countenance like lightning, and with raiment white as snow.

Anon *I* follow thee beyond the dark shadow, and *my* vision pierceth the veil of eternity; I lead thee in green pastures, and by still waters; I see the Holy One, and *hear his voice*, while around in hosts move angels and archangels, praising and blessing God.

But God too is here. In the strength of the arm of the Most High, go, grow to manhood here, if such be his gracious will. But let my spirit still discern the stamp of truth upon this brow, and the speech of guilelessness upon thy lip; so shall the Lord direct thy steps, and thy journey, as thy rest, be sweet to thy soul.

Be Kind, Be Kind, Be Kind.

"Come, Emma, and I will read you some nice pieces," said a good-natured girl to her little sister.

"Thank you, thank you, sister! I do love to hear them! It will be so pleasant when I can read them myself," replied the little one.

"Get away, you tiresome child!" cried an ill-tempered boy to his younger brother; "*I* want to look at the pictures *myself*. *Wait* until you are older and can read for yourself."

Do any of our readers know such a boy as this? If so, we wish them to ask him to read the tenth and eleventh verses of the fourth chapter of the First Epistle of St. John.

Brothers and sisters, be kind, be kind, be *very* kind to one another.

If a bee stings you, will you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? If you receive a trifling injury, don't be anxious to avenge it. Let it drop. It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received.

Sabbath School Concerts.

The Wakefield, Massachusetts, Sunday School held one of its most successful concerts on Sunday evening, Oct. 15.

The pleasant Sunday School room which had undergone extensive repairs during the week previous, was made still more attractive by banner-mottoes, garlands, and bouquets of autumn leaves, flowers, &c. Prominent among these decorations wa a white cross wreathed with green, upon which rested with outstretched wings a snow white dove. On the wall on either side were the mottoes, "Israel shall bud and blossom and fill the world with fruit," and "He crowneth the year with his goodness." These, together with the happy faces of the many children seated on the platform formed a scene long to be remembered.

The subject of the concert, "The Harvest," was well carried out in the excellent opening address of the Superintendent, and the recitations and singing by the school. A short address, prayer, and benediction by the pastor, closed the exercises.

This school was never more prosperous than at the present time. It has adopted the One Lesson System, and under the guidance of Mrs. Winship, its faithful and accomplished Superintendent, it is a strong ally to the success of our cause in Wakefield.

A Sabbath School Concert was held in the Second Universalist Church in Lowell, on the evening of the third Sabbath in this month. The exercises were of a high order, and were listened to by a very attentive audience that filled every available part of the church. Tender allusion was made in the opening address to the death of the Superintendent and three beloved scholars since the last concert. At the close of the exercises a brief address in words of good cheer to the children, was given by Rev. Benton Smith, of Boston.

The twentieth anniversary of the Sunday School of the Church of the Messiah was held in the Locust Street Church, Philadelphia, at 10 1-2 A. M., October 5th. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The opening service was conducted by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Brooks, who made an address in which he referred to the beginning of the school one-fifth of a century ago. "It would be pleasant to go back to the small meeting in the lecture-room, held there twenty years ago. All must feel thankful for the results that have followed that meeeting The banner lifted there should be carried forward in the future in behalf of the great work to be accomplished." From the annual report of Mr. Mohr, Superintendent, we learn that the total membership of the school is 186, an increase over 1870, of eight. The library contains 988 volumes, and there are over $200 in the treasury.

——The wicked can never be happy, however much of the world's riches they may have; and good men can never be miserable although deprived of every thing the world can take away.

Who Oppose Universalism?

There are many who do not believe in Christisn Universalism; there are many who oppose it. But they who oppose it are those who know the least about it. When we are asked who opposes Universalism, we reply:

Not God, for it is his will that all shall be saved and come unto the knowledge of the truth; not Jesus, for he, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man, and has declared that he will draw all men unto him; not the angels of heaven, for they rejoice over the sinner that repenteth They cannot oppose the salvation of all souls, even the worst; not good Christians, for they labor and pray for the salvation of the world.

Who then, or what, is opposed to Universalism? Nobody but the devil, or evil, whoever, whatever, evil may be. But is evil omnipotent? No. The Bible assures us that the devil and all his works shall be destroyed. When this is accomplished nothing will stand in the way; the work of salvation will be completed; "God shall be all in all."

A Good Teacher

Will endeavor to be in his place at the opening of the school.

He will not be absent, except from necessity, and then he will send a substitute.

He will keep his class in order, and especially during the opening service.

He will pray for his class.

He will have a personal interest in every member of it.

His chief desire will be to make Christians of them all.

Let it Alone.

German physicians tell us that of the deaths in Germany of young men, from the age of eighteen to twenty-five, more than half are from tobacco. Smoking burns up the flesh and blood. Boys of America, let tobacco alone! It is one of the pests of our world. We defy any body, old or young, to make a good plea for it.

——A Committee sent out by the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, to distribute gifts to the sufferers in Chicago, make this suggestion: "We believe that a most desirable work may be done by the Sunday Schools of Boston and vicinity by making up useful gifts to be distributed among the Sunday School children belonging to the churches of the various denomtnations, to make a Christmas festival possible to them, to brighten the dreariness of the coming winter."

The Lord's Prayer.

From how many hearts and lips has this prayer gone up to the gracious Father of all! From how many lips is it constantly ascending! It is one of the prayers that will be used by men in all ages; it is one that will be answered at last. God's will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven.

——Lieutenant-Governor Wilmot of New Brunswick, in a recent address to a Sabbath School, said that as a Judge for seventeen years, he had found the religion of Christ of unspeakable value to himself personally; and as Governor his experience was the same. He stated that he was for twenty-five years a Sabbath School Superintendent, and if it had come to him to have chosen to abandon his connection with the Sabbath School or not be made a governor, he would unhesitatingly have declined to be governor, and would have chosen to keep his place in the school.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXIV.

JESUS AT THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

"When ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord."

SCRIPTURE, — John vii. 11–31.

Question. — Whom did the Jews look for at the feast?

Answer. — John vii. 11.

Q. — How were the people divided in their opinion of Jesus?

A. — John vii. 12.

Q. — What was the consequence of this division of opinion?

A. — John vii. 13.

NOTE. Each party seems to have been afraid of the other.

Q. — At what time did Jesus go to the Feast?

A. — John vii. 14.

NOTE He declined to go up to the Feast at its commencement, evidently to wait for the strong feeling against him to subside. John vii. 8. The feast continued eight days, (Lev. xxiii. 39,) and therefore Jesus went on the fourth or fifth day. The Feast of Tabernacles was instituted to commemorate the journey through the wilderness, when the Israelites lived in booths. Lev. xxiii. 42, 43. It was also a festival of thanks in honor of the gathering in of the fruits, (Ex. xxiii. 16) and was kept in October. It was the most joyful of all the feasts of the Jews. The people left ther houses to dwell in booths. During the season, the people carried branches of citron, palm, willow and other trees in their hands, and their booths seem to have been made of the branches of these trees. Neh. viii. 15.

Q. — How were the people affected by his teachings?

A. — John vii. 15.

Q. — Whose doctrine did Jesus teach?

A. — John vii. 16.

Q. — How can a person know whether the doctrine be of God or men?

A. — John vii. 17.

Q. — What kind of person is he who seeks not his own glory, but the glory of God?

A. — John vii. 18.

Q. — On what pretence were the Jews seeking to kill Jesus?

A. — Matt. xii. 10.

Q. — Were the Jews breakers of the law of Moses?

A. — John vii. 19.

Q. — Does it appear that there had been much said respecting killing Jesus?

A. — John vii. 25.

Q. — As the rulers did not seize Jesus when he was teaching, what did the people conclude?

A. — John vii. 26.

Q. — What did the people say respecting the coming of Christ?

A. — John vii. 27.

NOTE. The Jews believed the Messiah would be hid for a time as Moses was, and that when he came to do his great work no one would know whence he came.

Q. — How did he assure them he had come?

A. — John vii. 28, 29.

Q. — Was Jesus preserved against the plots of the rulers?

A. — John vii. 30.

Q. — Did he convince any that he was the Christ?

A. — John vii. 31.

Enigma.

I am composed of twenty-nine letters.

My 5, 16, 10, 26, 6, 23, was one of Israel's deliverers.

My 11, 8, 7, 2, 29, 15, is the place of Miriam's death.

My 22, 20, 12, 9, is a word used in a prayer.

My 4, 13, 14, 15, 16, 24, 16, 11, the place where a battle was fought against the Israelites.

My 28. 15, 19, 25, 3, 17, was an apostle.

My 18, 3, 16, 23, 8, 27, was the great-grandfather of Enoch.

My 1, is the initial letter of the name of a Governor spoken of n the New Testament.—*Lutheran S. S. Herald.*

THE MYRTLE

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